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The Million Dollar Bottle Of Hair Dye



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Chapter 1 by Auntie Em

"Let's start the bidding at fifty thousand."

Every hand leaps into the air. The small bottle of blonde hair dye, probably half used, could save one of us from a life of despair.

Slowly the price climbs. Brown haired men and women fill the room, even more than usual. No, you won't find a blonde down here, nor a redhead. This is the black market. Here we beg and bargain for extra rations, sometimes small items of pleasure, but nothing like this. With one magical bottle, we could become part of the upper class.

"...eight hundred thousand.."

For most people this is their life savings, plus their retirement fund. I sold my house. I feel confident no one will outbid me. I have just over a million dollars, collected from everyone in my family of ten. They all gave the money to me because my hair is the lightest already, so it would work best.

"Nine hundred thousand.."

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It is just me and one other person in the room. The man next to me has a bit more...

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"One million?"

Mine is the only hand raised.

The dye is mine.

Chapter 2 by LazyPanda



Eyes glared at me. Some were shocked, some... Angry. But I didn't mind the hate. My life was about to change! I walked up to receive the small bottle. Taking it in my hands was all too tedious. My hands shook, and everything seemed in slow motion. This used, gold and white bottle held the hopes to my new future. A chance to experience what the upper class does...yet I was a little afraid. All these emotions all in one container. it's numinous.

I took it home close to my chest. I wasn't going to lose this for anything!

I walked slowly while I admired the bottle. The lid was white and the bottle itself was white trimmed with a frilly, metallic gold design. In the middle of it, was a golden border surrounding the brand name colored black.

"Golden Ticket"

It was a name that fit perfectly, Because this? This was MY golden ticket to a new start. I carefully shook it. I heard the liquids splash around, but it wasn't full. Only about half remained. I have to protect this!

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a large figure approach. I hold the bottle tighter and speed up. But so did they. I couldn't help it, so I turned around and saw the man's face. The same man who was bidding against me. I clenched the bottle so hard it almost hurt my hand. But I stopped, and completely faced him. I studied his face. He was a boy, 15 or so, around my age. He wore a large grey hoodie and jeans, like most locals here. His eyes were blue, and his face was soft and seemed somewhat kind, and tender.

"Um excuse me... Did you need something?"

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Chapter 3 by Erica U

"Uh...No." He turns and v

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Confused, I try to find him, but I realize I'm holding a bottle of blond hair dye, and someone could easily rob me. I give up and try to find my family instead, careful to stay towards the edges of the crowd. I spot my sister, who was born a year after me. She was always jealous of me, thinking I always got better things than her.

"So, you're going off to the rich people now, aren't you?" She looks hurt and looks me in the eye, her dark brown hair framing her face.

"Look, Rachel, I didn't sign up for this. I'm happy, sure, but I'll have to live my whole life thinking about my family and friends. I'm leaving all of you, and if you were in my place, you'd feel torn." I reply.

It's true. Mom insisted that I get the hair dye, the moment she saw the ad in the newspaper. If I go to the upper class, I can't be seen with my friends or family anymore. I'll have to hide from the authorities for the rest of my life, avoiding getting caught for having fake blond hair.

"Whatever you say. I only gave you money because mom told me to. Have a nice life. Without us. Because you're obviously too good for us." She spins on her heel and disappears into the crowd.

I sigh, tired and walk down the battered path to my home, but remember I don't have one. It seems silly, sacrificing so much for a little bottle. But then again, it's weirder that your whole life and social status depends on your hair color.

Someone lightly taps my shoulder, and I turn around quickly, my reflexes being really quick. It's just my mom, but in this place, you need to always have your guard up. There are some people in this place who are willing to steal to live a "better" life.

"Mom! You scared me." I say.

"Sorry. Oh honey, I'll miss you so much. I'm so proud of you. Some people just glare at you jealously, but I understand. It's gonna be so hard leaving all of us here." She wraps me in a tight hug, knowing it's gonna be the last I'm ever gonna share with her.

"Mom, what am I going to do with..." See more of Story Wars

"Well, I know you'll be fine..." Login or Create new account "...the bathroom to dye your hair now? The train's going to be here soon." She asks

The train comes from the upper-class area, and we give them products we make in factories, and they return food, raw materials for the factories only and other basic supplies. Many of us "Fake Blondies" have escaped with the train, hiding in one of the compartments.

"Well, alright mom. Wish me luck."

"I love you. Good luck, okay. Be strong." She kisses the top of my head.

I walk to the old public bathroom, pushing the rusted metal door open. It's empty. I sigh in relief.

Chapter 4 by Bree Davies



It wasn't always this way, but when something becomes rare, it becomes desired. Obsessively desired.

And blondes were dying out.

There wasn't a war or apocalypse that brought the entire country to base one's worth on hair color. There wasn't an evil dictator or radical law. It was us. It was the 21st century blonde, skinny ideal that crept out of the history text books and back into the public's mind. Instead, those who didn't fit the beauty standard weren't just shamed. They were shunned socially, and not allowed to be seen with the beautiful, with the platinum blonde hair shining just out of view in the nicer parts of town.

It started small. Those with mousy brown hair felt uncomfortable to stand near the blondes. When you stand beside something so beautiful, you can't help but feel worse about yourself. Soon, that insecure avoidance turned to social practice. You did NOT stand near a blonde, in fear of dirtying their purity. In fear of damaging the lovely shades of yellow and tints of white that were already hard enough to find. Police were called in to keep brunettes and those with grey or black hair away from the beautiful.

Then, complete segregation. The blondes, fearing the dirt and filth the brunettes must possess, were moved to the upper part of town. What was the business sector of town- with glittering

sky scrapers and elegant metal and brick apartments were closed off to the rest of us. This started in urban areas, and soon the rest of the country was divided in a similar way. Uptown: everything from the beautiful to the rest.

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Brunettes were seen as the majority. Dirty, unclean, mousy, boring. Brunettes were plain and generally regarded as lazy, though the entire production of supplies was down in Lowtown, far from the beautiful. It was the brunettes who took home low wages in order to manufacture the glamorous luxuries for the blondes. Those with black hair shared the same fate. Next were the redheads, who had it far worse. These were the people who were refused jobs and shelter because the color of their hair might "startle" the patrons.

We never needed a corrupt government to bring the entire country into a new form of prejudice.

We did this to ourselves.

Chapter 5 by Aηηιє ღειɠн (GONE...)



I locked the door of the bathroom behind me, and stood in front of the dirty mirror. I sighed one last time at my horrible brown hair. without hesitating, I dye my hair. I make sure each one gets enough dye.

And then, I wait.

After about fifteen minutes, I finally take it off. I nearly have a heart attack. I grab the bottle from the shelf above the sink. Empty.

In the mirror, I see a half brunette, half blond girl. My eyes tear up, and I sit on the closed toilet, bawling my eyes out. How could I have spent all my money, my family's money, to have this crap as a result? I look once more in the mirror. I've got to try. I grab a rubber band from around my wrist, and lift the dark part of my hair into a pony tail, and lift my hood up. I unlock the door and walk out from the bathroom, letting my blond hair hang down. I see people staring, jealous. They obviously can't see my brown side.

I jump on the train, and head for the compartment I've been told about. I enter it and notice four other kids my age. I sit beside one of the girls, who has long blond locks hanging down from her shoulders. "So what was your color" she asks me. As an answer I reveal my brown side. Her eyes grow wide, and one of the boys even laughs. "Didn't work so well, huh?" he chuckles. I shoot him

a dark look, and he immediately stops. How much did that mistake cost ya? A girl sitting by the window asks me, while biting in. "Oh wow. Mine was black. I was lucky I found some in a dark town. I don't think blondes left for this!" She reveals very short blond hair from under her hood. I look at her, and she looks at me. The girl sitting by me. The

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two boys said they both had brown hair, like mine. The girl beside me is Charlotte, the boys are Jake and Shane, and the short haired girl is Lindsey.

Half way there, there is a knock at the door.

"Who's that?" I ask Charlotte. But before she can answer, a man comes in. It's a security guard.

Chapter 6 by Eden Campbell



"Right, tots!" He bellowed. "Won't take too long now, I supposes. Just enough time to take a nap, if you ask me!" He had a hearty laugh.

I shuffled in my seat nervously, though tried not to draw attention to myself.

I didn't know what to think of the man. Though he seemed... cheery, he definitely had an Elite Guard's badge on, so that meant he was one of them. One of theirs.

"Now, now. I ain't that scary. Ye know you can chat to me" he says generally to the room.

"Scuse me sir, bu-"

"It's 'excuse me' ...an' if you wanna fit in with the rest of the 'locals', ye may start sounding like one too. I's can get away with it, being a guard. But you better keep smart or keep quiet. Anyway, go on."

The more brash of the boys, Shane, looks embarrassed to be singled out, but he continues. "EXCUSE ME, but where is it that we are going?"

The guard chuckled, again. "Ye don't know? Good! That means others aren't likely to either."

Charlotte and I exchanged glances.

He motioned down the carriage with his hand and puffed up his chest proudly. "This ere's my Jenny. She'll be taking ye all to yer first stop of royalty. Gotta learn how to blend in with the

locals first, aye."

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Shane, all of a sudden quite glumly, whispered, "I don't... I don't have any."

The guard's face fell. "Well, at least you don't have to worry, where y'all are going." Now less cheery, he places a hand on his side. "Anyway, nap time. We'll be there soon."

Chapter 7 by Annie Leigh (GONE...)



Of course, I didn't sleep. The others, did though. I sat, staring out the window at the changing scenery. Things had started looking nicer, much more luxurious than the ran down buildings back home... I shouldn't call it that anymore.

The sudden memories of my family and friends comes back to me, and I feel a tear run down my cheek. I cup my hands over my eyes as I felt more tears come. I feel a tap on my shoulder, and looked over to see Shane who had squeezed himself in between me and Charlotte. "What's up?" he whispered. I dried my eyes, "oh nothing". He gave me a 'do you think I'm stupid' look, and I told him everything.

And then there was a short silence, which I broke. "It's okay if you don't want to talk about it, but what happened to your parents?"

He shakes his head "I don't really now how it all happened, but I was sleeping, and then the door slammed open. My mother ran into my room, and shoved me into a closet. Next thing I knew she was lying dead on the floor, shot by some guy wearing black. My father had already died in an accident the week before. I was twelve".

He said all of that so... casually. Like it was normal for your mom to get shot. But I noticed his eyes were tearing up, the dam holding them back ready to burst at any moment.

"It's okay to cry", I whisper in his right ear. Like if my those words set off a bomb inside his head, he started crying. I didn't really know how to comfort him. I mean, I had only known him for less then an hour. So I gently rubbed his back.

I was about to speak, when the train screeched to a stop, throwing both of us scrambling to the floor. I awkwardly lift myself off of his chest, and stand up. There is that annoying music, and then the speakers start "all people going to ROYAL training academy, please exit this train. Thank you". And then there was a loud beep that meant they were *signing off*. I notice the

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As all five of us got off the train, I glanced around nervously. But before I proceeded, I made sure that the brown side of my hair wasn't seen by anyone, I tucked it neatly and nicely so it won't fall out of my hoodie. My hands were trembling as I tried to keep up with the four of them.

" Hey, you'll be alright. Don't worry so much, okay?" I heard Shane said to me. I nodded and calmed myself down a little bit.

Then as we were at the station, we saw a lot of people around us, there were flooded with blondes everywhere. All different types of hairstyles, clothes and looks. I gulped and tried to act normally like all the others.

Someone nudged my arm, and I turned to my side to see Charlotte and the rest waiting for me to move on. " Hey, come on now. We've got to look naturally so we won't look too suspicious. " She whispered to me, I replied back to her, " R-right...Sorry, I was just kind of looking around us. I hadn't realized that I was dreaming there, thank you, Charlotte. "

She looked at me with a little shock written all over her face and nodded afterward.

She was a little nervous herself but she kept her act cool...So, I decided to be like her as well.

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